

Iron County Register.

Baxter Broadwell

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

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County Court convenes on the First Monday of March, June, September and December.
Probate Court is held on the First Monday in February, May, August and November.

Churches.

Services at the Baptist Church in Ironton on the second Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:30 o'clock P. M. Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening. **GRORIE HOUTSIEK**, Pastor.
Mass every Sunday at 8 o'clock A. M. in the Chapel of the Arcadia College. Evening instruction, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at 8 o'clock. At Pilot Knob Catholic Church Mass is celebrated every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

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Societies.

MEDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A., meets on the first and third Tuesdays in each month, at 7 o'clock P. M., in the Masonic Hall, Ironton.
STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, Ironton, on the Saturday of or preceding the full moon in each month.
MOONLIGHT LODGE, No. 351, A. F. & A. M., meets in the Masonic Hall, Cross Roads, on the Saturday of or preceding the full moon in each month.
IRON LODGE, No. 29, I. O. O. F., meets in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Ironton, on the first and third Thursdays of every month.
IRON LODGE, No. 307, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Ironton.
PHOENIX LODGE, No. 330, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, in Masonic Hall, Cross Roads.

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PRACTICE in all the courts of the State. Strict and prompt attention to all business.

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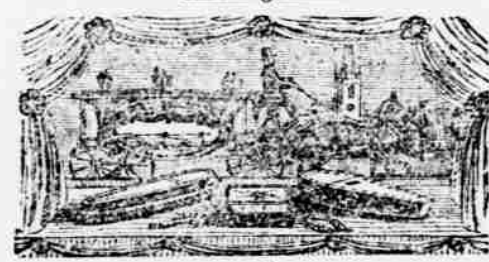
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BALDWIN BROS., Ironton, Mo.

W. C. to T. C.

Ed. Register—Before T. C. gives me his second installment of "well ascertained facts," allow me to notice his first batch.

I mentioned certain English newspapers to show that the fact of their contempt and denunciation of blue blood, of aristocracy, of hereditary privileges, demonstrated beyond dispute the existence of democratic sentiment in England that must not only be tolerated, but that was too strong to be crushed. I referred to Henry George's pamphlet because it was a fair, calm, dispassionate statement of Ireland's case by an outsider, an American, who might fairly be presumed to be unprejudiced. T. C. passes all this with a line about "publications from a partisan stand-point in the heat of conflict," and goes into matters of history where even the dates are doubtful, and makes deductions his own history does not warrant. His general conclusions that, because those who went to England went from parts of the Roman empire, they must have carried with them Roman law, is not sound. Rome combined policy with force, and disturbed as little as she could, consistent with her own aggrandizement, existing laws in the countries she conquered, and especially with respect to those laws that related to the tenure of the soil; while the north of Europe she never Romanized in scarcely any degree. When Carthage fell she found the Carthaginian laws relating to land and to agriculture so admirable that she refused to modify them at all. When the Popes applauded the Emperors the same policy was followed by the Church, where narrow, hard bigotry so generally prevailed; and we are told that Augustine was instructed to confirm his teaching and forms of service as nearly as practicable, to the usages of the Druids whom he was trying to proselyte. So powerful was this northern influence, even in the Church, that it carried an eccumenical council from Nice to Ratisban, and then carried the vote fixing the day to be regarded as Sabbath, to the sun's day, or the day Drudical Teutons set apart for the worship of the sun rather than the day of the decalogue which was favored by the Latin contingent. But what of all this? As a mere matter of history it may be interesting, but as relating to the issue of to-day it is of little or no importance. I may have erred in saying that with Harold the last vestige of Roman law expired, for there may have been none left to die. As the island had been subject to Roman conquest and occupation, it is presumable there were some vestiges of their laws existing there, though the few accounts we now have of the laws and customs of those times show a northern origin.

Of the origin of the feudal system we know nothing; even the derivation of the word itself is involved in doubt; and I only referred to William as carrying that system into the island to show that it was the foundation of a British Empire, as an analogous system of land tenure had once laid the foundation of Roman power. The virtue of the feudal system lay in its practical recognition of the interest and dependence of all upon the soil, by making it the sole source of public revenue or the only subject of taxation; while its viciousness lay in the farming out of the taxes to an hereditary aristocracy, or a favored few who held their privileges at the whim of the sovereign, until after John signed Magna Charta.

If Roman law had ever obtained there it certainly lapsed then, and especially in regard to the land; hence it would be nearer correct to call the misrule of England to-day a revival and not "a relic of Roman despotism."

At the time of the introduction of the feudal system into England, Roman Governors farmed the taxes out to the highest bidder. Everything was seizable; and the contractor sometimes lost his liberty or his life if he did not extort enough. There was a vast difference between the two systems as they existed, side by side; then; and it is with their different results that we are interested now with their histories or their beginnings.

T. C. started to discuss this question to give his countrymen light and hope and wound up by shutting off all hope whatever. A queer comforter. I wrote to show that there was hope; and if I rode my hobby in showing it, that was my right. Every one has, or ought to have, a hobby, if he has a head, and the effectiveness with which he rides his hobby demonstrates his ability; for a hobby after all, is concentration of mind upon a single topic or theme; and if man chooses a sound topic or a good

theme, he may turn his hobby into a heavy charger.

If T. C. wants to rake up bygones and go into the revenge business, as Sheeley seemed inclined to do at Chicago, he will do more harm than good. There is no end to crimination and recrimination. There is no doubt but England has been guilty of brutal conquest and misrule in Ireland, just as British greed and brutality drove poor Lo from the farm or land. T. C. has invested in land in Iron county; but this generation cannot afford to right the wrongs of past generations; it is all that we ought to do to look after ourselves and our children, and we can do this best by letting bygones be bygones.

Agrarian I am not, at least not in the sense that Webster defines that word. Our present system is worse than agrarian in the most communistic sense; for it does not pretend to make an equal distribution of the products or results of human labor, but takes from those who do work and gives to those who do not; for the ownership of land, the source of all wealth, produces nothing. Yet from labor, the agent of all production, everything but a hard living is taken, and the lion's share given to nonproductive ownership. If this is not agrarian it is something worse. Yet this is the one side, or issue, of the Irish question, and T. C. should not jump into a mare's nest because I said the Irish question was one-sided instead of many sided, as he asserted. If T. C. has no hobby he had better hunt one up and straddle it, for Ireland needs saving from her friends rather than her foes, when they lack in unity and concentration.

Narrow the issues down: A thousand evils may flow from a single source, or a long snake creep through small holes. Settle this land question, beginning here where you can begin easiest, and you stop or eliminate your Irish question, your tariff question, labor question, liquor question, and the Lord knows how many other questions. We have league meetings here on Sundays in the open air, French fashion; and two weeks ago yesterday I had the privilege, by special invitation, of addressing a large number of T. C.'s countrymen; and from the enthusiastic endorsement my remarks received, I thought I had straddled a stout hobby. In two weeks I have another opportunity; and if any one can defend rent or usury of land or money, I will guarantee them a fair hearing, and will give them an honest but earnest galloping over. We don't want any old and doubtful history, but we want to make some new.

Before mailing this T. C.'s second lesson came to hand, but I shall forbear remarks until he show how the abolition of landlordism means agrarianism.

MURRAYVILLE, Ill., July 16, '81.

Barnes, the Kentucky evangelist, believes in the entire efficacy of repentance. In a recent exhortation he said: "A man can confess Jesus better when drunk than when he is sober, for he can just come and throw himself limber, like a rag, in the arms of Jesus. Suppose a man comes here limber drunk and confesses Christ, and then goes out and puts another quart of whisky under his belt, and, going home, he falls off his horse and breaks his neck, that man will go straight to heaven, as sure as sure as God is God; and if he don't I would be willing to go to hell for him."

The male inhabitants of New South Wales appear to be in a sad condition. A number of them find it to be physically impossible to procure wives. According to a report recently issued on the population of the colony, no less than 75,000 women are required to equalize the sexes. The other Australian colonies require about the same number in proportion to their population.

The Republicans of the Thirteenth District have nominated Col. W. F. Cloud, of Jasper county, for Congress, against the Greenback nominee, Hon. Ira F. Hazeltine. This is the reward which the latter gets for the service he rendered the Republicans in Congress. In the triangular fight now inaugurated the Democrats have at least an equal chance.

Senator Vest's stinging comments on the course of certain Mississippi valley Congressmen in opposition to Mississippi improvements, appear to have gone home. There was a tendency the other day to make personal explanations, a tendency which would scarcely have been shown had the Senator's charges been groundless.

The chiefs of the Caughnawaga Indians, in Canada, are demonstrating their civilization by suing the Montreal Seminary to recover \$4,000 loaned it from the sale of salt lands forty years ago.

In order to save time and accommodate a license issued from the wrong county, a couple were married, the other day, on a Chicago and Alton train in motion.

A Letter from Our Old Friend "Uncle Jerry."

DARK CORNERS, Iron Co., July 31.

Mister Editor—I hope you will excuse me for writin' to your paper, for you know that "Uncle Jerry" was always a quiet man, raised to the farm, and never wanted to meddle with public doin's of any kind.

But, Mister Editor, seein' the way politics is a-goin' in this country, I think it is about time that all honest men was a-risin' in their mite.

Now I don't want office, Mister Editor, nor never did; wouldn't accept an office of any kind; but everybody knows that no man at "The Corners" was ever more willin' to help the poor workin' people to a proper appreciation of their rights as American citizens, than Uncle Jerry was.

I never had much taste for politics; but, as I said before, it is now time that the laborin' people have a say.

But I was goin' to tell you that I received a letter the other day from a Mr. Geo. W. Jackson, a washing-machine agent of St. Louis, about the politics of this county. He's President of the Committee of Congress for the "Greenback-Labor Party" of this district. In that letter he asked me to organize the Greenback party of my county to put myself at the head of it and lead its hosts to victory. There is no mistake about the signs of the times, he says; that now is our time.

Now, you know, Mr. Ake, that though I have fillyated with the Democratic party in this county, I was always a Greenbacker, every inch of me.

But about the letter: I took it home and read it again to be sure that their was no mistake about it, looked at the envelope to see that it was my letter for a fact, and then asked the old woman what she thought about my rentin' the farm and goin' into politics. Well, the old woman, as women always do, set herself agin it on the start. She said no man at "The Corners" had been considered more respectable than what I was; that I was believed to be an honest and hard-workin' citizen, and that she was opposed to me a-meddlin' with politics till I lost all my good name and character, now that I was a-gettin' old. She believes that all office-seekers was corrupt, and only wanted to find an easy way to make a livin' without work. I don't often contrary the old lady, and so had about made up my mind to stick to the farm; but she said I would better consult our neighbors at "The Corners" and see what they thought about it, which I did.

Now, Mr. Editor, my good neighbors all seem mightily taken with the idea. They say that I have worked hard and helped to build up the country, and that no man at "The Corners," or anywhere else, is more deservin' of rest and honors than I am. They think that no man in the Greenback party could marshal her sturdy yeomen to victory better than "Uncle Jerry."

Besides all this I have received letters from the head men of the Republican party, urging me to become a candidate for the Legislature on the Greenback ticket, promisin' the undivided support of the Republicans of the county.

Now, if I should decide to announce myself as a candidate in your next issue, Mr. Editor, I hope the public will clearly understand that I don't want office, but that my friends would allow me to refuse them this time.

Very truly yours,
UNCLE JERRY.

Liked Good Company.

"May I open the window for you, miss?" politely inquired a gentleman of a young lady on the Northern Pacific road, as he saw her tugging at a sash that had not yet recovered from the preceding winter.

She glared at him a moment, and gave a reluctant consent.

"Folks can't be too careful who they speak to or accept favors from," she remarked, after a long pause.

"That is very true," replied the gentleman, quickly.

"Are you a Boston drummer?" she inquired.

"No, I am not," he answered.

"A hotel clerk?"

"No, not a hotel clerk."

"I'm glad of that," said she. "I never let a drummer or hotel clerk speak to me. May-be you're an actor?"

"No, nor an actor."

"That's first class!" she exclaimed, showing her dimples and becoming more and more confidential. "If an actor should speak to me, I'd die. What is your business?"

"I'm a hatter, and I'm travellin' West to get a Territorial divorce from my wife," explained the gentleman.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" giggled the girl. "Reach down my satchel; there's a bottle of whisky and a pack of cards in it. I'll play you an old game of California Jack for \$5 a corner! I like to meet gentlemen, and I know 'em when I see 'em. Ask that bald-headed duffer across there if he's got a corkscrew, will you?"

Along the lonely mountain road

He urged his unambitious nag,

That little reeked of flies or gold,

And dreamed it luxury to lag.

"Git up now, Jake! bestir, I say!

Your bony back is killing me!"

But still old Jake bedudled the way,

And moved along unwillingly.

Drear night came on; now at the inn

Our rider said he'd have a meal.

The mantelpiece was put in trim,

And memory whispered, "Time will heal."

—Courier Journal.

THE IRON COUNTY REGISTER is now fifteen years old, and its editor says he doesn't Ake to aspire higher than pleasing his patrons, and is so decrepit with age that he actually hasn't the physical strength to refuse "something" in celebration of the event. That paper has our best wishes that it will continue to travel its onward path to the celestial stars of journalism, for—No REGISTER, no Ironton. No Ironton—and what in dickens would become of all the pretty girls that are REGISTERED there?—Centreville Outlook.

ON TANKS!—ORGANS!—Smith American Organs, for sweetness of tone, reign supreme over all others. C. W. HANDLEY & CO., Cor. 10th & Olive Sts., St. Louis